

LOVE'S NAME LIVES:

OR,

A Publication of divers PETITIONS presented
by Mistris *LOVE* to the Parliament, in
behalf of her HUSBAND.

WITH

Severall LETTERS that interchangeably pass'd
between them a little before his Death,

AS ALSO

One LETTER written to Master *LOVE* by
Mr. *Faquel*, one of the Witnesses against him.

Together with

Seven severall LETTERS and Notes sent to him,
from Dr. *Drake*, Mr. *Fenkyn*, Mr. *Case*, and
Mr. *Robinson*, his then fellow-Sufferers.

All published for Publick Good.

PSAL. 112. 6.

The Righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

THE BIBLE

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

SECRET

To the R E A D E R.

Reader, take notice,



Here are severall Letters published, entituled Love's Letters, pretended to have past between M. Love and his Wife: Which Letters are not Printed by true and exact Copies, having in them both more and less than they should have. Now to prevent the like inconvenience for the future, these Letters and Petitions are here published. The publishing of which, will (I hope) give no offence; I am sure can, give no just offence to any: and if any shall take offence thereat, certain I am, they'll take that which is not given them; and that they cannot do, unless they will be injurious both to themselves and others. But whether offended, or not offended, I am not, need not be solicitous; the rather, for that I can truly say, it is at as great a distance from any intension in the least to give offence, or rise from my apprehension to imagine that the publishing of these should give just offence to any.

The Petitions are some of those (and those very affectionate ones) which Mistress Love presented to the Parliament in the behalf of that blessed Saint and Minister of Christ, her dear Husband Master Love; and that either for the taking off the sentence of death, which he then lay under, and so wholly to remit it; or if not that, for his banishment; and if neither of them, for his reprieve till her delivery (she being then big with child) that so she might with greater hope and probability of safety, both to her self and unborn babe, undergo so sad and sore an affliction.

The Letters are, some from Mistress Love to her husband, which again occasioned others from him to her. Now Master Love having his wife frequently with him in prison, after his recall was ordered, had thereby opportunity, as to open his very heart unto her, in reference to his own estate and condition, and the apprehensions which he had, both of it, and of his sufferings, (which accordingly he did, to her exceeding great satisfaction and comfort) so also to speak that to her, that might be, and that afterwards did prove to be, a great means of her support, under those trying and pressing afflictions with which she did encounter: and upon that account, did not, and indeed did not need to write unto her so fully and largely, as otherwise he would have done: And yet these brief Notes of his (for so they would rather be called than Letters) which were not by him intended to be published, do clearly and abundantly evidence, what, and how endeared his affections were both to his wife and children: and will (I doubt not) be an answer sufficient to that charge of unnaturalness that is in print against him: Though, I may say, as to those that knew him, or have but the least degree of that charity that is called common, remaining in them; that unchristian charge, and most malicious slander (invented by the father of lyes himself, with many more of the same Satanical production) of that foul-mouth'd, false-mouth'd Animadverber and impudent Detraitor, needs no answer. And notwithstanding all that hath been said by that Doctor of the Chair of Scorners, (whose design seems to be to fright men more with the rattle of his words, than with the reason of them; the former being not more formidable, than the latter feeble,) Master Love, though dead, yet is not dead; for HIS GOOD NAME LIVES, and the remembrance of it to the godly, is, and will never cease to be, even to perpetual generations, as a box of most precious and costly oylment, broken or poured forth, the pleasant savour and sweet perfume whereof, spreads its self every way, even to the scattering and overcoming of all that noisome and unsavoury breath of reproach and calumny, that by the sons, yea, and daughters too, of slander, with great endeavour would be, but by no means whatsoever can be cast upon it, and to the refreshing and reviving of every one who is within the reach of its fragrant and perfuming odour.

The other Letters, are, one from M. Jaquel to M. Love, which Jaquel was one of the witnesses against him. The rest, from several of those Ministers, who (as to imprisonment) were his fellow-sufferers; which Letters do sufficiently demonstrate, what their thoughts and apprehensions were of M. Loves sufferings; and do all contain in them very precious and Spiritual matter, that may be of considerable use, as in general to any that shall peruse them, so especially to those who are, or hereafter may be in a suffering condition.

Reader, They are intended for thy benefit, which that thou mayst reap by them, is the desire of

The Publisher,

To the Supreme Authority, the PARLIAMENT of the Common-Wealth of ENGLAND.

*The humble Petition of MARY, the distressed Wife of
CHRISTOPHER LOVE.*

Sheweth,



That whereas the High Court of Justice hath lately sentenced to death her dear and tender Husband, in whose life, the life of your Petitioner is bound up; in the execution of which sentence, your poor hand-maid should become an unhappy widow, and the miserable mother of two young fatherless children: And she being so near to her appointed hour, having sorrow upon sorrow, be forced, through unexpressable grief, to bow down in travell, and give up the ghost; and so with one blow, there be destroyed, both Father, and Mother, and Babe in one day.

Yet her spirit is somewhat revived with the thought that there is hope in *Israel* concerning this thing, when she considers, that her humble Petition is this day presented before so many professing godliness, who have tasted abundantly how gracious the Lord is, and who through mercy are called of God to inherit a blessing, and to be a blessing to the afflicted in the midst of the Land.

Therefore your distressed hand-maid, throwing her self in all humility at your feet, beseecheth you by the womb that bare you, and breasts that gave you suck, in the bowels of the Lord Jesus Christ, mercifully to interpose, that this fatal blow may be prevented: which act of compassion in you, will be to your poor hand-maid as resurrection from the dead; and not only all the tender-hearted Mothers in *England*, but even the Babe yet unborn shall rise up and call you blessed; and this will be to you a glory, and crown of rejoicing in the sight of the Nation, when the blessing of them that are ready to perish shall come upon you. And your poor hand-maid humbly conceives, That your mercy herein will be no danger to the State, for that your poor Petitioners Friends are willing to give all sufficient security, that her Husband shall live peaceably and quietly for the time to come, and never act any thing to the prejudice of this Common-wealth, and present Government.

Now the God of heaven bow your hearts to shew mercy:

And your Petitioner shall pray, &c.

MARY LOVE.

To the Supreme Authority, the PARLIAMENT of the Common- wealth of ENGLAND.

*The humble Petition of Mary, the Wife of Christopher Love,
Condemned to dye.*

Sheweth,

That whereas your distressed hand-maid hath in all humility, in the exceeding great bitterness of her spirit, poured out her very soul to this Honourable House, for the life of her condemned Husband: which Petition was mercifully received and read in Parliament (as your Petitioner is informed.) For which high favour she desireth to bless God, and be thankful to your Honours. And although she hath great cause to be very sensible of your High displeasure against her Husband, for which she is heartily sorry; Nevertheless she hoping that your bowels yearn towards her in this her sad condition, adventures once more to make her humble supplication, and doth pray,

That if your poor Petitioners Husband hath provoked you so far, as to render him utterly unpardonable of your full pardon; yet you would graciously be pleased to let your hand-maid find so

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much favour in your eyes, as that you will say of your Petitioners dear Husband as *Solomon* said of *Abiathar*, though thou art worthy of death, we will not at this Time put thee to death. Oh pardon your perplexed hand-maid, if she again beseech you by the wombs that bare you, and the breasts that gave you suck, in the bowels of the Lord Jesus Christ, reprieve him for a time, till she may recover her strength, before he depart hence and be seen no more lest at one terrible stroke in his execution, the lives of him, her and the tender babe in her womb be cut off, and two poor innocent Orphans be left behind to begin and end their dayes in misery. And though he may not be thought worthy to breath in English aire (which God forbid) yet give him, Oh give him leave to sigh out his sorrows under your displeasure in the utmost parts of the Earth, wheresoever you shall think fit to banish him: Which although it be a very great punishment in it self, yet your hand-maid and her dying Husband shall acknowledg even this to be a great mercy, and shall thankfully receive it at your hands.

And shall pray, &c.

MARY LOVE.

To the Supreme Authority, the PARLIAMENT of the
Common-Wealth of ENGLAND.

The humble Petition of Mary, the Wife of Christopher Love.

Sheweth,

THAT your poor Petitioner hath great cause to say, blessed be God, and blessed be you, for your mercifull Vote the 15th of July, (a day never to be forgotten) in adding a moneth to the life of her dear Husband, which hath opened a door of hope to her in the midst of the valley of *Achar*, and made her glad, though she be a woman of a sorrowfull spirit: yet your distressed hand-maid is overwhelmed with grief and anguish of soul, and cannot be comforted, when she remembers the dolefull day, the 15th of August so near approaching, her heart doth almost dye within her, and she is as one giving up the ghost before she is delivered of the fruit of her womb.

Wherefore your greatly distressed hand-maid doth again pour out her soul with renewed and importunate requests, beseeching your Honours to commiserate her deplorable condition, by putting on bowels of pity and compassion towards her dear and condemned Husband, that she may not grapple with the intollerable pains of Travell, and the unsupportable thoughts of her Husbands death in one day. Oh that the life of your hand-maid and her babe might be a ransom for the life of her condemned Husband; she had rather chuse out of love to dye for him, than for sorrow of heart to dye with him. Now the good Lord incline your hearts to give him his life for a prey, wheresoever it shall please your Honours to cast him,

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

MARY LOVE.

To the Supreme Authority, the PARLIAMENT of the
Common-wealth of ENGLAND.

The humble Petition of Mary, the distressed Wife of Christopher Love.

Humbly sheweth,

THAT your sad and sorrowfull Petitioner, in the multitude of her fears wherewith her spirit is overwhelmed within her; After sundry applications and grievous disappointments, more bitter than death, cannot cease to follow your Honours with strong cries and supplications, as the importunate *Canaanish* woman did the Lord Christ. And O that now at last, you would suffer your selves to be intreated, and let your bowels yearn within you, that so root and branch may not be cut off

in one day. The great God hears the cries of Ravens! O that that God would open your hearts to hear the cries and heart-breaking groans of the Mothes with the tender Babes, that cannot keep silence whilst there is any hope.

Your desolate Hand-maid waiteth with all humility and earnest expectation (at your doors) beseeching you not to forget to shew mercy to your poor Prisoner and her tender Babes; Oh make not your Hand-maid a widow, and her children fatherless; but be graciously pleased to prevent this dreadfull blow, which your Prisoner trembleth to think upon, and earnestly beseeches you, to change the sentence of death into a sentence of banishment; and whilst you are propagating the Gospel in New-England, let her dying husband (as a Prophet from the dead) besent to endeavour the conversion of the poor *Indians*; that so many souls may bless God in your behalf; and she shall receive it from your hands as a signall favour.

And your Petitioner shall pray, &c.

MARY LOVE.

Mr. Faquel his Letter to Mr. Love.

My dear friend, and beloved in the Lord.

MY bowels are troubled within me, I am pained, I am pained, even at the very heart, The Lord knows I want words to expresse the thoughts of my heart to you, to you, I say, right Christian Friend, and true Souldier of Jesus Christ. I was thinking to have been silent, being even ashamed to send you a line written by that hand, which is very much slackened and taken off from the plough; which I thought, not many weeks agoe, had been very fast siled. Give me leave to breathe forth my heart to you in such rude words and language as I can utter, and I pray you receive them, and spell out my heart towards you, which at this time is so full, that I know not how to empty it, but in tears before the Lord for you night and day. And oh, that the remembrance of the seventh and one and twentieth of June might often come into my thoughts, to keep my heart humble for my folly, in taking my own, and carnall friends counsell, and not the counsell of those that are right godly; which (as I now perceive) did help to bring forth that sad, and never to be forgotten day, and Sentence on the fifth of July, against my dear friend. Truly, could not I appeal to God, who knoweth all things, what the intention of my heart was, thinking I might rather do you good than hurt; knowing one had gone before me, and fearing he had much wronged you, made me willing to testifie what I did, being told and informed, it would do you good and not hurt, being but Misprision at the most. I say, were it not for the testification in mine own conscience, I were not able to bear up my spirit, but should (I fear) even sink under the burden. But when I consider to whom I now write, who, I know, is full of charity, and doth believe what I say, and will forgive what wrong I have done him, and I hope, will pray for me to your God and my God, to your Father and my Father, that he will not lay this to my charge: for you may charge me to be as one of those Paul chargen in 1 Tim. 4. 16. And dear Sir, If the Lord will be pleased to let me see your face once more, that I may open my self to you, I hope I shall stand right in your affections. Some promises I have met withall in the word, that do (methinks) add wings to my faith, that God will not suffer you to fall by the hands of violence; as in *Psal. 79. Psal. 91. Psal. 94. Psal. 3. Isa. 41. 10. Isa. 66. 5.* and many others, that I know you are better acquainted with than I am, and can beat them out, and lay them by you, as a glaſs of cordiall water for fainting times. But dear Sir, let me earnestly beg of you, that you will use what means you can for your own preservation, and go as far as you can in your Petition to them, in whose power your life is, for many reasons: As first, Because if you shall fall, O! how would the enemies rejoyce? Malignants and others would make songs at your death, and say, where is all his Fastings and Prayers? His God will not help him: Oh Sir, it would be a day of reproach and blasphemy. And secondly, Consider how would it sadden the hearts of Gods people, and make them wring their hands, if they should miss the fruit of their prayers in your deliverance; which (I am confident) have been poured out in an extraordinary way for you? And thirdly, Consider the service you may yet do in the Church of Christ: How many souls may God make you instrumentall to bring home to Christ? And what service may yet this poor bleeding Nation have by your life? And fourthly, I need

not remember you of your dear and precious Comfort, who, I am confident, is dear in the heart of God, and also to you; and her life even bound up in yours, and her condition being as it is. And then I humbly beg, you will consider my condition; for surely, in that day I should hear of your life being violently taken away, mine would be but little comfort to me, being instrumentall in taking yours away, although (the Lords knows) not intentionally, but accidentally. Therefore for these reasons, I humbly beg of you again and again, that you will do what you dare, and go as far as you can for your preservation; and the Lord will make you instrumentall for his glory, if not here, yet in some other place; and (methinks) where ever the Lord cast you, I could willingly make that promise, and perform it, that *Ruth* made to *Naomis*; and so I am confident, could my dear wife, whose heart (I know) bleeds for you, and her eyes run down with tears to God for you. Good Sir, in your addressses, remember me to God, that I may learn to lean upon him more firmly, and rely upon the Rock of Ages, and not upon broken reeds: And (I hope) through the strength of *Christ*, and the supply of your prayers, I shall be better fortified for the time to come, as *Peter* was after his fall.

I would fain be remembered to my good friend Dr *Dr*. I hope I have got better armour of proof than I had before; but I hope there will be no need of shewing it about him. For poor *Pa*. he hath wronged himself more than any man can, for I hear, he hath sent more Papers of his confession since he was there.

Good Sir, I have many things more to say, but will not presume to be more burdensome to you at this time. Will the Lord let me see your face once more here? I hope he will. However, it will not be long before we shall enjoy one another in that place, where violent hands shall not touch us; and then eternity shall be little enough to praise and magnifie the Lord for his riches of mercy he shews to us.

The Lord stand by you, The Lord preserve you, and put his everlasting arms under you, and deliver you: Which shall be the earnest groans and sighs of him, who is (he hopes) a dear, yet a most unworthy Friend, not worthy to be look'd upon by you.

Dr. Drake's Letter to Mr. Love.

Dear and precious friend.

I cannot but congratulate your liberty, and the singular honour God hath laid upon you. The Captain of our salvation is wise, and knows whom to call out for his Champion. He hath pleased to call you to the fore; our hope we are leading up the van; our brethren in the black bill, are like to bring up the body; and for our rear (blessed be God) we have armies of prayers and tears; yea, through mercy, we may say, *Our righteousness goes before us, and the glory of the Lord shall be our reward*, Isa. 58. 8. Well might we fear, had we not a good God, a good Cause, and a good Conscience; but where God justifies, who shall condemn? Certainly, that God who hath done us so much good by a prison, (blessed be his name) can do us much more good by our tryall. He bids us not fear them who at worst can but kill the body: and why should we be afraid of man that shall dye, &c. and forget the Lord our Maker, yea, our Redeemer? Its too much honour God laies upon us, to suffer any thing for his Name and Covenants sake; that hereby we are so indeared in the hearts of his Faithfull people, and have been occasions to blow up the Spirit of prayer, that was almost extinct. Will not God incline his ear when he hath prepared the heart? Did he ever set his children a begging, but he had a boon for them? I need not stir up your Christian resolution, but desire rather to light my candle at your Lamp. Yet, when lately I looked upon Rev. 2, & 3. I espied no less than seven rare Cordials to persons in our condition, Rev. 2. v. 7, 10, 17, 27. & 3. v. 5, 12, 21. 1. A tree of life. 2. Freedom from hurt by the second death. 3. The hidden Manna and white stone. 4. The morning star and weilding the rod of iron. 5. The white garments the Book of life, and owning us before his Father. 6. That we shall be pillars in his house, having his new name graven upon us. 7. That we shall sit in his throne, &c. and all this made over, not *in vain*, or *in vain*, but *in vain*, to him that is overcoming. A Christian is sure to conquer, if he dare but fight, and no souldier but he can glory when he puts on his harness. The Lord arm you with such courage and wisdom, that you may avoid the snares, and be above the fury of your Adversaries. God, Angels, and Men look upon you; and while you are a fighting, Christ is weaving your Crown: Ne by your example, to hearten his peo-

ple, and damp the adversary, as they may rejoyce (and bless God) who favour your righteous dealing, and all iniquity may stop her mouth. So prays

June 1. — 51.

Your unworthy Brother and Companion in Tribulation,
and in the Kingdome and patience of Jesus Christ.

I praz. I squar.

I beg your prayers, and present my best affections to your self and Mistress L.

I'd rather dye with grace, than live with blame;
Far better dye with Love, than live with shame.

For my most honoured friend Mr. L.

Another of Dr. Drakes to Mr. Love. June 17. 1651.

Dear Friend,

I Cannot be unmindefull of your person and condition, as being not only in the body, but also in an especiall manner bound with you, *Heb. 13. 3.* And certainly, if habituall and active grace be such motives of Christian love, is not passive grace much more? To suffer for Christ is a grace, as well as to believe in him, *Phil. 1. 29.* *vivimus in Christo, &c.* Christ and his people are never more lovely than upon the Crose. May we not under God, thank our prison, that we are, so gracious this day in the eyes of Gods people, yea, and I am perswaded, in the eyes of some enemies? Must not we by suffering enter into glory, as our blessed Saviour? *Luk. 24. 26.* Dost not Christ by this means set a higher rate upon reformation, the Ministry, and the Government? How do the Northern people prize the Sun, who see it but once in three or six months? and do not our dunghill-hearts ordinarily value blessings, more by their want, than enjoyment?

In particular, Sir, how are you indured to God and man in this call, to be the *Proto-Confessor* or *Proto-Martyr*; the Lord inable you by grace, to bear the honour, as well as the burthen. I bleis God for your chearfullness and constancy, whose flame contributes much to the keeping of my poor spark alive.

But my errand is, if it may be, to prevent the latter: and may it stand with Gods will, I would not have you yet to be a Martyr. Haply you will say, I wish you worse than your Adversaries do; if so, yet I am sure it is with an honest heart, &c. —

Sir, I have only one thing to adde, which I apprehend as a providence not to be slighted, namely, that your day of tryall is your day of Jubilee, and your day of Pentecost, it being precisely the fiftieth day from your apprehension: ordered so, I am confident, by especiall providence, not by the intention of the Adversary: The Lord make it a Jubilee to you, for liberty of spirit, and a day of Pentecost for effusion of the Spirit of grace, wisdom and utterance. I shall say *Amen* to the *Omen*, and follow it with what poor interest I have in heaven; still choosing rather to dye with Love, than to rule with *Lust*, which is the *Magna charta* of these apostatizing times. My best affections to your self, and dearest consort, I beg your prayers, and rest,

Tours, &c.

Another of Dr. Drakes to Mr. Love.

MY most dear and precious friend in the Lord, in whom I observed great reason, both of love and honour, from the first day that God blessed me with the knowledge of you, but never more than at this time, when you are ascending your triumphant chariot, and mounting into the cloud of wirtues, *Heb. 12. 1.* to guide and encourage us who are left yet behind, to run with readiness the race that is set before us. Sweet Sir, I wonder not you are so chearfull, being so near your journeyes end, steered by our great Pilot, out of a dangerous and troublesome Sea, and entering into the harbour, putting off your pilgrims weeds, that you may be clothed with the white robes, as a free denison of the heavenly *Jerusalem*. I mistook in dreaming of an earthly Pentecost and Jubilee, that 50th day I now perceive was an hint and summons to call you to the everlasting Jubilee above, *Heb. 12. v. 22, 24.* a *Parasceve* to the eternal Sabbath, *Heb. 4. v. 9, 10.* How much are we beholding to our very enemies (rather to God for

for them) who never do us more good, than when they think to do us the shrewdest turn. I wonder not now at that *Epinicium* of the Apostles, *Rom. 8. ver. 28. & 33. to the end, & 1 Cor. 3. v. 21, 22, 23.* Death is so far from separating, that it brings us immediately to Christ, *Phil. 1. 23.* and that by a stroke so honourable, so easie, so comfortable, so speedy, that you need but wink and go to Heaven. The Lord is pleased to give you a writ of ease, and to pay you your penny at the sixth hour. Blessed be God, we serve a good Master, who puts us only upon honest and honourable employments, makes our task easie and short, doth all our works for us and in us; and after all, rewards us freely and richly, as if we had earned our wages. Better be Gods hireling than the worlds darling, *Luk. 15. v. 17, 19.* Dear Sir, I bless God for your faithfulness, patience, courage, wisdom, whereby you have both tried and discovered the policy and strength of your Antagonists, and shewed to your poor unworthy fellow-sufferers, that by grace they are conquerable. The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour; go in this thy might, and smite the host of *Midian* as one man, *Judge. 6. v. 12, 14, 16.* The Lord make you a true *Samson*, that you may do the Devils kingdom more mischief at your death, than ever you did in all your life. God is now but in his old method, to make the blood of the Martyrs the seed of his Church, *Col. 1. 24.* *Hiel* deserved a curse for building *Jerico*, (*Josh. 6. 26.*) but God deserves blessing for building the new *Jerusalem*, though he lay the foundation thereof in *Abraham* his first-born (so is Christ, our high Father : compare *Gen. 17. 5.* with *Isa. 9. 6.*) and set up the gates thereof in his younger Son *Segub*, (*1 King. 16. last.*) such are we poor contemptible creatures, exalted and strengthened by God, not only to do, but also to suffer for his Name, (*Act. 5. 41. Phil. 1. 29.*) Cause, Church and Covenant. The Lord is making you such a blessed *Segub* : making that to be your honour, strength and safety, which many judged to be your shame, weakness and danger. Dear Sir, God honours you to be the *Elijah*, and first to ascend the fiery chariot; May I, without presumption, be the *Elisba*, and make two or three bold requests unto you : and first let me beg your prayers for a double portion of your Spirit. Secondly, let me see you (if possible) before you ascend, though it be but through the lattices, on your Nuptial morning. Thirdly, let fall your mantle, that I may by means of it be enabled to divide *Jordan*, yea, the Red-sea; if God call me through it, and not sink like an *Egyptian* in the mighty waters, *Psal. 32. 6.* Fourthly, if there be any remembrance of things below, in heaven (*Luk. 16. v. 24, 25, 28.*) will you when you are in the blessed Heaven, think of your poor friend, and the rest of your fellow Souldiers left behind, and labouring in the storme, till Christ come to them as he doth to you. Surely the Church triumphant doth not forget the Church militant : and prayer is no paradox in heaven, (*Rev. 6. v. 9, 10.*) till the body of Christ be perfected : If justice makes them pray against enemies ; why should not charity draw out supplications for their friends : Surely, there is a communion of Saints between the Church militant and triumphant ; we may bless God for them, and cannot they pray for us ? The Martyrs would not pray to dead Saints, but some of them desired living Saints to pray for them, both on earth and in heaven : and I think therein they were not superstitious. Sweet Sir, I know to whom I speak, and am assured, that Love will not be puffed up with that which would soon burst a bladder of pride : None higher in Gods eyes than those who are lowest in their own. I see your time is short, and therefore though my affection be like *Jordan* at the time of harvest, I must let bounds and banks to my words, lest I divert and trouble you in your passage. I doubt not but you remember that you must pass through the *Jordan* to this fiery Chariot. *Jordan* was not more effectual to cleanse *Naaman's* Leprosie, than the River of repentant tears is to purge the leprosie of sin (*Psal. 119. v. 136.*) next after the immense ocean of the blood of Christ. It's not *Abanah* and *Parbar* will wash away the Leprosie, but *Jordan*; nor will every tear wash away sin, but penitent tears; You have but little time to mourn, Christ stands by with his towel and handkerchief, *Psal. 56. 8. Rev. 7. last. & 21. 4. Isa. 25. 8.* Spiritual sorrow and joy are inseparable companions in this life and the Dove-like spirit of comfort loves these streams, *Cant. 3. 12. Matih. 3. 16.* Every true Christian hath this *Baptismus fluminis* joynd with *Baptism. fluminis* : And now God honours you with *Baptis. Sanguinis* superadded. The cup of tears and cup of comfort may well go together, and happy he who can mingle this drink with weeping, *Psal. 102. 9.* such need not fear to pledge Christ in his cup of bloods; and undoubtedly shall sit at Christs right hand in his Kingdom, *Matih. 20. ver. 22, 23.* though not in the sense of the two ambitious Brethren. If we could weep or repent for any thing in heaven, surely would be, because we wept and repented no more nor no better on earth. The Lord enable you, and us all to do much work in a little time. If I see you no more, I must be forced here to take my long leave; yet why say I

so; it may prove but a short leave, since, in likelihood (as things stand) few weeks, yea, dayes, may bring me to a sight of your blessed soul in the arms of Christ: and surely, the communion of Saints in heaven, is cumulative to their essential happiness. The Lord enable me to imitate your graces, and then I shall not doubt to inherit your happiness, which is only God, the highest end, and the chiefeft good. The Lord be nearer to you than your danger, and support you in the most needfull hour; and when men have done their worst, receive your soul to his mercy, *Act. 7. v. 55, 56, 59. Luk 2.29, 30. & 2 Tim. v. 7, 8.* So pray

July 12. 1651.

Your poor unworthy Friend, and Companion
in the Kingdom and tribulation of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Robinson's Letter to Mr. Love.

Dear Friend,

The loss which the Church of God will sustain by your death, is a very great trouble to me, and I doubt not, but a far greater to others, whose hearts God hath made more sensible to feel his hand. This stroke I am confident will be your happiness, but a great misery, a sad punishment to many: when God hath a purpose to punish many at once, he useth to take this course. The extinguishing such a star, (I do not flatter you, God knows) cannot but greatly afflict the whole world. I wish heartily God would grant me the favour to see you before your wedding day, for I dare not call it a dying day. I hope I shall be in your thoughts when you are at the throne of Grace. Good Sir, heap up as many prayers as you can for the poor Church of God before you leave us; it shall be the best legacy you can bequeath; what you shall sow, some will live to reap, and you will not be unrewarded: Jesus Christ had his thoughts on the Church even to his dying hour; good Sir, imitate your Master, I need not say any thing to strengthen you against the fear of your approaching day, I doubt not, but you have often overcome that fear through Jesus Christ. *Professio est quam puras mortem.* 'Tis but the taking of a journey, and though the way be deep, yet is but short: God brings you the nearest way. A shorter cut never had any to rest, I know you have been often upon Mount Nebo, where you have seen Canaan, whither you are going. The Mystical head cannot be cut off; you have finished your testimony, and fear not to receive your recompence. Christ hath transformed this black Messenger to you into an Angel of Light. How soon others may follow you is known only to God; if we stay longer, 'tis but to row in a stormy Sea, Moses was very willing to dye, God said, *Go up and dye, and he went up and died.* Let not the care of your Relations afflict you, *The earth is the Lords and the fullness thereof; Leave your fatherless children, God will provide for them; Let your widow trust in God.* Your dear yoke-fellow is a partaker of the same grace with you; how rich are they that are heirs to the promises? You can commend your spirit into Gods hands, much more your wife and children: Remember that promise, *I will be thy God, and the God of thy seed;* Sir, it is a richer portion than the Mines of India. You were but a cistern to them, the fountain lives, and will live when you are dead: God can provide without you, you cannot without God. Good Sir, Clear up; I hear how full of joy you are, blessed be God; all these are but little drops to the ocean. I have writ this to fill you more and more. An Ax, and a severer are all one; you shall dye without sickness. When you think of the present ignominy, look on the future glory; you shall be with God, Christ, Angels, *the souls of just men made perfect,* in a short time. What a happiness is it to have grace in perfection! to see God face to face, to be freed from the being of sin, Temptations of Devils, society of wicked men! You have fought a good fight, you have finished your course, you have kept the faith, &c. and you are going to receive your Crown, a crown of glory, that fadeth not away. You are now going to that place, where the voice of the oppressor shall never be heard: You are going to your bed, the best and safest you ever slept on: The steps of the scaffold will be a Jacobs Ladder, upon which you shall ascend to your loving Father: The Scaffold will be as mount Nebo; The Ax of the Executioner will cut off the head of sin, and put an end to all misery. Be sure, Sir, Not only the Angels of God, but the God of the Angels himself will mightily strengthen you. If your death, and this kind of death, were not most for the glory of God, and the benefit of the Church, I am confident, God would have saved you from this hour.

I have writ thus, not because you want advice; but to testify my love; my dear love to you, and to give you remembrance of me and mine, before your departure hence. Good Sir, accept of it as my last farewell; fare well, fare well, dear Friend. God shall bound up your soul in the bundle of life,

be your comfort, joy, hope, peace, confidence in life and death to all eternity : Yea he will be your guide unto death; He will be an Husband and head to your dearest Wife; He will be a tender Father to your little Babes. This is the confidence, this shall be the prayer of

S I R,

Aug. 19. 1651.

Your dear Friend.

A brief Note from Mr. Fenkyn to Mr. Love.

My dear, dear Heart,

THou art very near to my soul. The Lord Jesus Christ smile with the pleasantest face upon thee, that ever he did upon *Sufferer*. — I here send thee a Book that I have been much relieved by, in my Imprisonment. What are ten thousand Deaths, where Christ is apprehended by faith! These considerations where the leaf is turn'd down, (*pag. 335.*) do sweetly support faith. — I am afraid almost to send these thoughts, for fear over-many notions may disturb thee. — I judge these more profitable than speculative discourses of death. — The great God, that hangs the Earth upon nothing but his Word, bear up thy soul on his promises. Oh sweet, most sure, sure, sure (oh remember *sure!*) promises; as stable as the very Essence of God; for the performances whereof God hath pawn'd his Being: *As I live, &c.*

My Heart, I love thee, I kiss thee, I weep upon thee, I rejoyce for thee, I shall see thee in glory. The Lord Jesus strengthen thee. He will.

Mr. Fenkyn his Letter to Mr. Love.

My dear Heart,

Believe me not of this backwardness to cast in this mite. I was hardly perswaded of the fitness thereof: your greater danger is in the plenty of these tokens, considering your own store. Though your appetite be never so good, it's impossible you should concoct all the food dish'd up in Books, Friends Papers, and your own Meditations by and for you. I shall desire to make up my Paper-defects by fervent prayer: and oh that I could pray so this once, as if I were not to do it a second time. My only counsell must be, that which I know hath been your only care, and will be your only comfort; namely, that you sleep in Jesus. Thou shalt not sleep (though that were much) in the lap, bosome, and arms of Jesus; but in this sleep he looks upon thee as a piece of himself, even as a member, a dear limb. In dying thou shalt not dye. They who are fallen asleep in Christ, perish not. Christ the first fruits (a most sweet resemblance) the happy hanfell of the grave, the first born from the dead, the Head of the body, did rise from the dead as such, and not as a private person: So that our resurrection is (even now) in its cause. The union 'twixt Christ and thee (and this union is not only 'twixt Christ and thy soul, but thy body also; and therefore he is the first fruits of the dead) cannot be broken off by death. Christ should rebell against the will of his Father, (which were blasphemy to think) if he should lose any thing which his Father hath given him; as he should, were it not to be raised up at the last day. Christ is the very *R E S U R R E C T I O N*, and he that believeth in him, though dead, yet shall live. Oh, how hath Christ perfumed the grave, and beautified the grisly face of Death! Death is (now) a priviledge, our best friend next to Christ, and the truth is, all our moanes and sorrows in this life, are for want of that which we so much fear, death; as the child that cries for want of sleep, and yet cannot endure to undress and go to bed. My dear heart! thou hast better cloaths to put on in the morning of the Resurrection: *This mortall shall put on immortality.* Thy garment of grace hath had many spots, perhaps; this day thou shalt take thy leave of mourning for them, and therefore the Lord help thee to mourn more holily and meltingly than ever; but the garment of glory shall not have one. Lord, is there a condition wherein I shall never sin more, wherein I shall have as much grace as I can hold, and wish, and will desire; wherein I shall no more wash the feet of Jesus Christ, and now and then be suffered to give them a kiss, but shall lye in his blessed bosome, and be clasped in his glorious arms to eternity! This is thy approaching happiness; and every comfort, by how much the nearer, is the sweeter. Now is thy salvation nearer than when thou first believedst.

Oh dear heart! Now for a strong faith! oh wrestle mightily with the great God, for strength to overcome him; cling about the promises, precious promises, not only for their fullness, but in infallibility; adventure thy soul upon them. The faithfulness of God is a foundation which bears the heaviest structure, and the greatest load of sin and expectation. Jesus Christ calls, beseeches, commands, threatens, and all to make thee believe. The Lord increase thy faith! thou art to go through a very great work, but Christ hath laboured, and thou art but to enter into his labour. Death is but a nominall enemy when Christ hath disarmed it; there is more terror in the pomp of it (as *Seneca* said) the Scaffold, the Axe, Spectators, Reports, than in the thing it self. Oh how may a Christian insult over it! *Oh Death, where is thy Sting!* Christ hath spoiled principalities and powers, disarmed, disrobed them. His death is the death of Death; all its stings are left in his side. Say not therefore (Dear heart) who shall role away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre? when thou comest thither, thou shalt find it rol'd away to thy hand. Its difficulties and distresses are taken away in Christ. — To this dear Lord Jesus I commit thee, who in his due time will wipe away all tears from the eyes, and sin from the souls of his poor servants; and out of all our storms, bring us to that haven where we would be. I know not where to break off, and yet nor where to leave thee so well as there.

Thine in the bowels of this Saviour.

Master Case to Master Love.

Heavenly Saint,

THOU art now awaked out of thy last natural rest, to go to thy eternall rest: the night is past, thou shalt never know night any more, but God shall give thee light, and thou shalt reign for ever and ever, *Rev. 22. 3, 4, 5.* Thou art now going where thou shalt be in a true sense above ordinances, and above Scripture, *1 Cor. 13. 12, 13.* where God in Christ shall be thy all in all. Thy prison shall be turned into a Palace, and thy filthy garments shall be taken away, and thou shalt be clothed with long white Robes, and in the moment when thy body and head shall be severed, thou shalt be united to Christ thy Head; in him thou shalt be crowned, and with him thou shalt reign to eternity.

It is finished.

Joh. 17. 1, 4, 5, 6, 11, 13, 24.

Let me see that face once more, which I shall see no more till the last day. Send up one sigh before thee for thy following Brother and Companion in tribulation, and in the Kingdom and Patience of Jesus Christ.

Another of Master Case's to Master Love.

Dear soul,

THOU art now going to heaven: to quicken thy desires, put it into these notions, that are most suitable to thy condition.

To the weary it is rest, *Isa. 57. 2. Rev. 14. 13.*

To the banished home, *2 Cor. 5. 6.*

To the reproached glory, *Rom. 5. 2.*

To the molested and captived with corruption, it is the glorious liberty of the Sonnes of God, *Rom. 8. 21.*

To the resister to bloud, it is conquest, *Rom. 8. 37.*

To the vexed with sin and sorrow, it is the extinction of both.

To the hungry soul, it is the hidden Manna, *Rev. 22. 17.*

To the thirsty, rivers of pleasure, water of life, fountain of life, *Rev. 22. 17. Psal. 36. 8, 9.*

To the grieved soul, it is fullness of joy, and to the sorrowfull heart pleasures for ever more, *Psal. 16. 8.*

In a word, To them that have lien upon the dunghill here, and kept their integrity, it is a throne upon which they shall sit and reign with Christ for ever and ever, *Rev. 3. 31. & 22. 5.*

Dear heart cheer up, a sharp breakfast, but a blessed supper, the supper of the Lamb. The Bridegroom faith, *See I come quickly.* Let thy rejoiced soul eccho back again, *Even so, come Lord Jesus.*

There

There is but a little time for prayer left, in that remember me, and then everlasting *halelujahs* will be thy work, and rest. Live for ever with thy God. *Amen.*

I shall accompany thee with my prayers, though I cannot with my person.

Mistress Loves Letter to Master Love.

My dear heart,

BEfore I write a word further, I beseech thee think not that it is thy wife, but a friend now that writes to thee. I hope thou hast freely given up thy wife and children to that God, who hath said in the 49. of *Jer.* & v. 11. *Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widow trust in me: thy Maker will be my Husband, and a father to thy children.* O that the Lord would keep thee from having one troubled thought for thy relations. I desire freely to give thee up into thy Fathers hands, and not only look upon it as a crown of glory for thee to dye for Christ, but as an honour to me, that I should have an husband to leave for Christ. I dare not speak so thee, nor have a thought within my own heart, of my unspeakable loss, but wholly keep my eye fixed upon thy unexpressible and unconceivable gain. Thou leavest but a sinfull, mortall wife, to be everlastingly married to the Lord of glory: Thou leavest but children, brothers, and sisters, to go to the Lord Jesus thy eldest Brother: Thou leavest friends on earth, to go to the enjoyment of Saints and Angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect in glory; Thou dost but leave earth for heaven, and changest a prison for a Palace. And if naturall affections should begin to arise, I hope that spirit of grace that is within thee, will quell them; knowing that all things here below, are but dung and dross in comparison of those things that are above. I know thou keepest thine eye fixed on the hope of glory, which makes thy feet trample on the loss of earth. My Dear, I know God hath not only prepared glory for thee, and thee for it; but I am perswaded he will sweeten the way for thee to come to the enjoyment of it. When thou art putting on thy cloaths that morning, O think, I am now putting on my wedding garments, to go to be everlastingly married to my Redeemer. And when the messenger of death comes to thee, let him not seem dreadfull to thee; but look on him as a messenger that brings thee tidings of eternal life. When thou goest up the scaffold, think, (as thou saidst to me) it is but thy fiery chariot, to carry thee up to thy Fathers house. And when thou layest down thy precious head to receive thy Fathers stroke, remember what thou saidst to me, Though thy head was severed from thy body, yet in a moment, thy soul should be united to thy Head the Lord Jesus in heaven. And though it may seem something bitter, that by the hands of men we are parted a little sooner than other wise we might have been; yet let us consider, it is the decree and will of our Father; and it will not be long ere we shall enjoy one another in heaven again. Let us comfort one another with these sayings. Be comforted my Dear heart, it is but a little stroke, and thou shalt be there where the weary shall be at rest, and where the wicked shall cease from troubling. Remember, though thou maist eat thy dinner with bitter herbs, yet thou shalt have a sweet supper with Christ that night. My Dear, by what I write unto thee, I do not hereby undertake to teach thee; for these comforts I have received from the Lord by thee. I will write no more, nor trouble thee any further, but commit thee into the arms of that God, with whom ere long thee and I shall be. Farewel, my Dear, I shall never see thy face more, till we both behold the face of the Lord Jesus at the great Day.

July 14. 1651.

MARY LOVE.

Another of Mistress Loves to Master Love.

My heavenly Dear,

ICall thee so, because God hath put heaven in thee, before he hath taken thee to heaven. Thou now beholdest God, Christ and Glory as in a glass; but to morrow, heaven gates will be opened, and thou shalt be in the full enjoyment of all those glories, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither can the heart of man understand. God hath now swallowed up thy heart in the thoughts of heaven; but ere long thou shalt be swallowed up in the enjoyment of heaven: And no marvel there should be such quietness and calmness in thy spirit, whilst thou art sailing in this tempestuous Sea; because thou perceivest by the eye of faith a haven of rest, where thou shalt be richly laden with all the glories of heaven. O lift up thy heart with joy, when thou layest thy dear head on the block, in the thought

of this; that thou art laying thy head to rest in thy fathers bosome; which when thou dost awake, shall be crowned, not with an earthly fading crown, but with an heavenly eternal crown of glory. And be not discouraged, when thou shalt see a guard of souldiers triumphing with their trumpets about thee; but lift up thy head, and thou shalt behold God with a guard of his holy Angels, triumphing to receive thee to glory. Be not dismayed at the scofs and reproaches that thou maist meet with in thy short way to heaven; for be assured, God will not only glorifie thy body and soul in heaven, but he will also make the memory of thee to be glorious on the earth! O let not one troubled thought for thy wife and babes arise within thee; thy God will be our God, and our portion; he will be a husband to thy widdow, and a father to thy children, the grace of thy God will be so sufficient for us. Now, my Dear, I desire willingly and chearfully to resign my right in thee to thy Father and my Father, who hath the greatest interest in thee. And confident I am, though men have separated us for a time; yet our God will ere long bring us together again, where we shall eternally enjoy one another, never to part more. O let me hear, how God bears up thy heart, and let me taste of those comforts that support thee, that they may be as pillars of marble to bear up my sinking spirit. I can write no more, Farewel, farewell my Dear, till we meet there where we shall never bid farewell more; till which time I leave thee in the bosome of a loving tender hearted Father, and so I rest,

Till I shall for ever rest in Heaven,

August 21. 1651.

MARY LOVE.

Master Love to his Wife, when he should have first suffered.

My dearest Beloved,

I Am now going to my long home, yet I must write thee a word before I go hence, and shall be seen no more; It is to beg thee to be comforted in my gain, and not to be troubled in thy loss; Labour to suppress thy inward fears, now thou art under outward sorrows; as thy outward sufferings abound, let thy consolations in Christ abound also. I know thou art a woman of a sorrowfull spirit. My time is short, I have but a few words of counsel to give thee, and then I shall leave thee to God, who careth for thee and thine. 1. While thou art under desertions, labour rather to strengthen and clear up thy evidences for heaven, than question them. 2. Remember a faith of adherence, or reliance on the Lord Jesus, brings thee to heaven, though thou want the faith of Evidence or Assurance. 3. Labour to find that (and more also) in God, which thou hast lost in the creature. 4. Spend not thy days in heaviness for my death; if there were knowledg of things below, or sorrow in heaven; I should grieve to think my beloved should mourn on earth. 5. Lye under a soul-searching Ministry: I know thou art not a spongy hearer, to suck in foul water as well as fair. God hath given thee a good understanding, to be able to discern things that differ; as the mouth tasteth meat, thy ear tryeth words. 6. Be conversant in Christian meetings, and much in the exercises of the duties of mortification, in fasting and prayers; yet have respect to the weakness of thy body and thy present condition. 7. Have a care of thy self and babes, God will take care for thee and them. I can write no more; farewell my Dear, farewell, farewell. These are the last words written by

From the Tower,
July 15. 1651.

Thy dying, yet comforted Husband,
CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

MY Dear, I beg thee to be satisfied: my heart is greatly comforted in God; I can quietly submit to the good pleasure of his will, and I hope thou dost so also; I am delivered by the determinate counsel of God, the will of the Lord be done. Read for thy comfort when I am dead and gone,

Jer. 49. 11. and the beginning of the 12. Isa. 54. vers. 5, 6, 7, 8. Psalm 146. ver. 9. 2 Cor. 4. ver. 17, 18. Heb. 12. ver. 6, 7.

Another

Another of Master Loves to his Wife.

More dear to me than ever,

IT adds to my rejoicing, that I have so good and gracious a wife to part with for the Lord Jesus: In thy grief, I have been grieved; but in thy joy, I have been comforted. Surely, nature could never help thee to bear so heavy a stroke, with so much silence and submission to the hand of God! O dearest, every line thou writest, gladdeth my heart. I dare not think that there is such a creature as *Mary Love* in the world; for *Kir*, and *Maß*, I can think of them without trouble, leaving them to so good a God, and so good a Mother. Be comforted concerning thy Husband, who may more honour God in his death than in his life; the will of the Lord be done, he is fully satisfied with the hand of God. Though there be but little between him and death, he knows, there is but little between him and heaven; and that ravisheth his heart. The Lord blest and require thee for thy wife and good counsel; thou hast prevented me, the very things I thought to have written to thee, thou hast written to me: I have had more comfort from thy gracious letter, than from all the counsel I have had from any else in the world; well, be assured, we shall meet in heaven. I rest, till I rest in heaven.

From the Tower,
the Lords Day.

Thy dying, but comforted Friend,
CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

Another of Master Loves to his Wife.

My dearest delight on Earth,

I Was fast asleep when thy Note came. I bless God, I break not an hours sleep for all my sufferings; I know they work for me a *more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*. I slept this night from ten at night, till seven in the morning, and never waked. My Dear, I am so comforted in the gracious supports God gives thee, that my burdens are the lighter on my shoulders, because they are not so heavy on thine; or if they be heavy, yet that God helps thee to bear them. The Lord keep it in the purpose of our hearts for ever, to submit to the good pleasure of God. I bless God I do find my heart in as quiet and composed a temper as ever I did in all my life. I am till I dye,

From the Tower,
August 18. 1651.

Thy tender hearted Husband,
CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

Master Loves last Letter to his Wife, on the day he suffered.

My most gracious Beloved,

I Am now going from a Prison to a Palace; I have finished my work, I am now to receive my wages; I am going to heaven, where are two of my children, and leaving thee on the earth where are three of my babes; those two above need not my care, but the three below need thine. It comforts me to think two of my children are in the bosome of *Abraham*, and three of them will be in the arms and care of so tender and godly a Mother: I know thou art a woman of a sorrowfull spirit, yet be comforted: though thy sorrow be great for thy Husbonds going out of the world; yet thy pains shall be the less in bringing thy child into the world; thou shalt be a joyfull Mother, though thou beest a sad Widdow. God hath many mercies in store for thee; the prayers of a dying Husband for thee will not be lost. To my shame I speak it, I never pray'd so much for thee at liberty, as I have done in prison. I cannot write more, but I have a few practical counsels to leave with thee, viz.

1. Keep under a sound, orthodox, and soul-searching Ministry; Oh there are many deceivers gone out into the world, but Christs sheep know his voice, and a stranger will they not follow. Attend on that Ministry that teaches the way of God in truth, and follow *Solomons* advice, *Prov. 19. 27. Cease to bear instruction that causes to erre from the ways of knowledg.*

2. Bring up thy children in the knowledg and admonition of the Lord: the mother ought to be a teacher in the fathers absence, *Prov. 19. 27. The words which his mother taught him: and Timothy* was instructed by his Grandmother *Lois*, and his mother *Eunice*, *2 Tim. 1. 5.*

3. Pray

3. Pray in thy family daily, that thy dwelling may be in the number of the families that do call on God.

4. Labour for a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price, 1 *Pet.* 3.4.

5. Pore not on the comforts thou wantest, but on the mercies thou hast.

6. Look rather at Gods end in afflicting, than at the measure and degree of thy afflictions.

7. Labour to clear up thy evidences for heaven, when God takes from thee the comforts of earth, that as thy sufferings do abound, so thy consolations in Christ may abound much more, 2 *Cor.* 1.4.

8. Though it is good to maintain a holy jealousy of the deceitfulness of thy heart, yet it is evill for thee to cherish fears and doubts, about the truth of thy graces; If ever I had confidence touching the grace of another, I have confidence of grace in thee; I can say of thee as *Peter* did of *Silvanus*, I am perswaded that this is the grace of God wherein thou standest, 1 *Pet.* 5.12. Oh my dear soul, wherefore dost thou doubt, whose heart hath been upright, whose walkings have been holy, &c. I could venture my soul in thy souls stead, such a confidence have I of thee.

9. When thou findest thy heart secure, presumptuous and proud, then pore upon corruption, more than upon grace; but when thou findest thy heart doubting and unbelieving, then look on thy graces, not on thy infirmities.

10. Study the covenant of grace and merits of Christ, and then be troubled if thou canst. Thou art interested in such a covenant that accepts purposes for performances, desires for deeds, sincerity for perfection, the righteousness of another, viz. that of Jesus Christ, as if it were thine own. Oh my Love! rest, rest then in the love of God, in the bosome of Christ.

11. Swallow up thy will in the will of God; it is a bitter cup we are to drink, but it is the cup our Father hath put into our hands. When *Paul* was to go to suffer at *Jerusalem*, the Christians could say, The will of the Lord be done; Oh, say thou, when I go to Tower-hill, The will of the Lord be done.

12. Rejoyce in my joy; to mourn for me inordinately, argues that either thou envieest, or suspectest my happiness. The joy of the Lord is my strength, oh let it be thine also. Dear wife, farewell; I will call thee wife no more, I shall see thy face no more: yet I am not much troubled, for now I am going to meet the Bridegroom the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom I shall be eternally married.

From the Tower of London,
22th August, 1651.
The day of my glorification.

Thy Dying, yet most

Affectionate Friend till death,

CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

FINIS.